

Oxford Democrat.

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OXFORD DEMOCRAT,

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PROMPTLY AND NEATLY EXECUTED.

THE STORY TELLER.

Alice Weston.

It was ten o'clock, yet Alice Weston still sat

in her little dressing-room, her head resting on

her hand, and an ivory comb glistened amidst

the loosened tresses. A \$50 bill lay on the table

with which she intended to purchase a winter

bonnet and pelisse. It had been bestowed that

morning by her father, and she would have not-

iced the reluctance with which it was granted,

but she was absorbed by the attempt to decide

whether a certain Edgar Morris would prefer a

pink or a white hat. She was still busied with

the important question; but in vain she ran-

sacked her memory for some remark which

might furnish a hint as to his taste. He never

conversed on such topics, and carefully avoid-

ed commending any style of dress. The longer

she dwelt upon the subject, the more perplexed

she became.

"Ah!" said she to herself, "it is of little use to

sit here. I must be guided by my complexion.

I think I will get a white one, with a very rich

feather, and the smallest of delicate flowers

for the inside, such as I saw at Hatten's."

So saying she finished dressing, glanced con-

temptuously at her last year's bonnet, as she put

it on, thrust the bill into her purse, and took the

way to the principal shops. She was still bal-

ancing the merits of silks and satins, pink and

white, when she was stopped by a crowd of peo-

ple, who were prevented from crossing the street

by two tangled carriages. Her father was

standing near, but he did not observe her, for

he was engaged in conversation with his next

door neighbor, Mr. Burton.

"Allow me," said the latter gentleman, "as an

old friend, to enquire the cause of your anxious

and harassed look. We were boys together on

the banks of the Merrimack, yet you grow old

comparatively young, your eyes grow dim, your

hair whitens, and on your brow are wrinkles

made by the unrest of perpetual struggles."

"Ay, my good friend, but my family is large

and our expenses great. For me, who inherit

nothing, toil is great."

"My income is scarcely the half of yours, yet

my hours of leisure are double those you allow

yourself. I have somewhat to spare too, if your

capital,—and he hesitated lest he might give of-

fence.

"I understand you," replied Mr. Weston, "the

offer you wish to make is generous, but such aid

I do not need. Step hither, and he pointed to the

arched entrance of the church behind,

"where we shall not be overheard."

Thus far Alice had listened with breathless

eagerness. She must hear all. Her father

might refuse her the communication he was

about to make. She thought she had a right

to know why he was thus growing old before his

time. She followed the gentlemen, and stood

unobserved beside them.

"The death of my wife," said Mr. Weston, "has

imposed a degree of sacredness on the subject

of which we were speaking, that has made me

shrink from conversing upon it; but your kind-

ness to me and mine has given you a claim upon

my confidence. I married, as you know, the

daughter of a wealthy man, a fair and beautiful

girl, surrounded by every luxury that money

could procure. I was in a prosperous business.

A few years of economy would have made me

rich; but I was unwilling to propose a different

style of living from that to which she was ac-

customed. I struggled with every power, bent

every energy to the task of supplying the means

of a lavish and unostentatious expenditure. Day

hours taken from life's highest duties, and bar-

tered for their perishable splendor. She laid

aside her purse, thankful that its contents re-

mained untouched; then she looked long and

steadily upon the new position in which she was

so suddenly placed. Her heedless disregard of

her father, who had indulged her every caprice,

seemed to her little less than criminal. Her

little, selfish life, spoke to her with a hundred

voices; there was reproof in all its tones. The

retrospect was salutary, though painful. From

her very errors sprung the knowledge of right,

and the true pain once found, her loving spirit

prompted her onward. She was certain of co-

operation on the part of her family, and after

surveying the tastes, the habits and capacities of

each member, down to the petted Edie, the dar-

ling of the whole, she opened her desk and

sketched the outline of her plan.

Her father left the same evening for New

York, to be absent several weeks. Alice longed

to reveal to him her decision, to ask his

counsel, and receive his sympathy; but she

doubted her untried strength, and preferred to

make the attempt alone. Of six domestics she

dismissed three. As she determined to give up

the superfluities of the table, the pastry cook

was no longer needed, while Charles and

George proffered their services in the place of

the errand boys. The seamstress could not so

easily be dispensed with. After much delibera-

tion, however, Alice, Margaret and Kate resolv-

ed to take charge of their own rooms, together

with the parlors. Alice and Margaret, also as-

sumed a large part of the sewing, and thus en-

abled the chamber-maid to supply the deficien-

cies in both departments. Edie, a child of eight

years, who, during the various discussions, had

been half envying her sisters, received a small

hand brush and duster. Each one also yielded

some favorite wish. Alice had planned a se-

ries of assemblies. Margaret had hoped for a

brilliant party on her next birth-night. Kate

desired a superb volume of engravings which

she had seen in a book-store, and the smaller

one had dreamed of expensive toys.

And yet, that busy fortnight, which the world

deemed full of humiliation and regret to the

Westons, was in truth the happiest period of

their lives. They were occupied but not bur-

dened. An earlier breakfast hour, regularity

and efficiency brought each duty in its ap-

propriate place, and the leisure thus secured

was far more precious than that which, being con-

stantly possessed, was never prized. They

were learning the rare beauties of the domestic

relations, the wonderful excellence of which

they had comparatively overlooked. They grew

thoughtful for each other, prodigal of little kind-

ness, and while performing the services before

left to a servant, the sweet affections which be-

fore had been checked by defective education,

sprung up and filled their hearts with perpet-

ual joy.

At length Mr. Weston returned. The child-

ren surrounded him with their accustomed

glow, but they were less boisterous than usual

in their welcome. The tea-table did not present

its accustomed array of tempting viands, and

when it was over, George, instead of ringing for

a servant, placed an easy chair at the fire, and

brought his father's dressing-gown and slippers.

Margaret, too, asked leave to read the paper,

pleading the fatigue of the traveller, secretly

designing to make it a practice if she should

find it agreeable. As the evening advanced,

instead of the usual delicacies, Alice quietly

placed a basket of choice fruit on the table, and

having partaken of it with the rest, she return-

ed to her needle. All was simple and unostent-

atious, but Mr. Weston, though surprised, asked

no explanation.

The next morning Alice dispersed her gay

group, and sitting down by her father gave him

a full account of her arrangements and their

cause. When she had finished, she looked up

to him for approval, but he could only articulate,

"God bless you, my daughter," and kissing her

brow he stepped heavily into the street. The

first person he met was Edgar Morris, and in

the platitude of his joy and gratitude he gave

him a history of her noble efforts.

The young man paused a moment in embar-

assment, then shook the hand of his friend,

muttered some incoherent congratulations, turn-

ing into the opposite street, walked hastily at a

rapid pace. He was altogether without excuse

for his abrupt demeanor. He was strongly at-

tached to Alice Weston—but with much judg-

ment and good sense he had refrained from ex-

pressing his affections, because he believed she

did not possess the sterling merit which he de-

manded in a wife. The communication of Mr.

Weston at once removed his doubts, and left

him at liberty to obey the dictates of his heart.

He chided the lingering moments, and as soon

as the hour permitted, he called on Alice. The

subject of their conversation must have been of

absorbing interest, for Mr. Weston, who had re-

turned for a paper he had dropped in the morn-

ing, stood before them before they noticed his

entrance. Both started and blushed, and Ed-

gar, in manly but very earnest language, begg-

ed the hand of Alice.

Mr. Weston gained his request, promising,

however, that she should remain in his home

until the arrangements she had so wisely made

should be perfected, and the family have be-

come accustomed to the mode of life she had

introduced.

Mr. Weston grew young again, when ex-

empted from excessive care. His family were

deprived of no comfort. His table was abun-

dantly, but not lavishly served. His children

were neat in attire, courteous and unpretending

in manner, industrious, loving and happy. He

confessed with fervent gratitude the mercies of

his lot, and solely regretted the want of frank-

ness, which had for so long a time rendered

peace a stranger to his bosom.

MISCELLANEOUS.

From the National Intelligencer.

Gold and Gold Mines.

The Cherokee word *Da-lon-e-ga* signifies the

place of yellow metal; and is now applied to a

small hamlet at the foot of the Alleghany moun-

tains, in Lumpkin county, Georgia, which is

represented as being the wealthiest gold region

in the United States. The gold region of

Georgia, strictly speaking, is confined to a broad

belt, which runs in a north-eastern and south-

western direction from Dahlonega, which may

be considered its centre. Several auriferous

veins traverse the town and it is common after

a rain to see the inhabitants busily engaged in

hunting for gold in the streets. That large

quantities are thus accumulated in these days

is now ready to believe, whatever may have

been done in former years. I know that

any very remarkable specimens of gold ore have

been found in the immediate vicinity of Dal-

honega, but an idea of the wealth of the state in

this particular may be gathered from the fact

that several lumps have heretofore been found

in different sections which were worth from five

hundred to one thousand dollars. More valu-

able specimens have been found in North Car-

olina; but while Virginia, the Carolinas, and Al-

bama have all produced a goodly amount of

gold, I have heard it conceded that Georgia

has produced the largest quantity and decided

the best quality.

And now with regard to the fortunes that

have been made in that region. They are very

few and far between. But, by way of illustra-

tion, I will give two or three incidents which

have come to my knowledge. In passing, how-

ever, I may repeat the remark made to me by

an intelligent gentleman, that the expenses of

digging out the gold in this section of the coun-

try had ever exceeded the gain by about one

hundred per cent. Immense amounts of labor

as well as money have been expended, and gen-

erally speaking, the condition of the people has

not been improved; the very wealth of the

country has caused the ruin of many individuals.

The following story is a matter of popular his-

tory. After the state legislature had divided

the Cherokee Purchase into lots, and regularly

numbered them, it was rumored about the

country that lot No. 1052 was a great prize, and

everybody was on tip-toe with regard to its

distribution by the proposed lottery. At that time

1052 figured in the dreams of every Georgian,

and those figures were then far more popular

than the figures of 51 40 have been in these

latter days. Among the more crazy individ-

uals who attended the lottery, was one Mosely,

who had determined either to draw the much

talked of prize or purchase it of the winner.

Even though it should be at the cost of his en-

tire property, which was quite large. The draw-

ing took place, and 1052 came into the posses-

sion of a poor farmer named Ellison.

Mosely immediately mounted his horse and

hastened to Ellison's farm, where he found the

child of fortune following the plough. The

would-be-purchaser made known the object of

his visit, and Ellison only

From the Washington Union.
THE TRIUMPH OF TRUTH.
We publish this day the report of Messrs. Bradinger, Clark, Hall, and La Sore, of the Committee on Public Expenditures, and hope that the great length of this document will not prevent its perusal. It is thorough, clear, and demonstrative—each position being accompanied by the proof. It shows that the Secretary of the Treasury has committed not one of the errors imputed to him in Mr. Strohm's report. The errors alleged by the committee are not in the Secretary's report, but in the tables of a distinct and independent officer of the government, whose duty it is by law to prepare and certify these tables to the Secretary, and it is the duty of the Secretary by law to communicate the tables thus certified to Congress. The Secretary keeps none of the books from which these tables are prepared. These books are kept by the Register, whose duty it is to prepare these tables from the books in his own office, and to certify these tables to the Secretary. No Secretary has ever prepared such tables, nor compared such tables with the books; nor is it any part of his duty so to do; nor could he do so without neglecting the duties assigned to him by Congress. On this point the law is quoted, and is clear and express. If, then, errors did exist in these tables of the Register, the Secretary is in no way responsible for them. But it is a fact, that the committee have not themselves discovered a single error in these tables, but only pointed out a clerical error discovered long previously by Mr. Hunter, of Virginia, acknowledged by the Register, and explained in the speech of Mr. Atkinson to the entire satisfaction of the whole Senate. This error of the Register grew out of the effort, at the request of the Secretary, for the first time, to bring the account down to the 1st of December—the middle of a quarter, and a few days before the meeting of Congress—instead of the usual period, the 30th of September and the end of a quarter. This grew out of the fact that Congress made the first year of the operation of the new tariff commence on the 1st of December, 1846, and close on the 1st of December, 1847, instead of the 1st of October, 1847, as recommended by the Secretary, of the Treasury, Mr. Walker, in his draught of the new tariff bill as submitted by him to Congress in February, 1846. The difficulty growing out of the closing of the first year's operation on the 1st of December was foreseen by the Secretary; and he therefore recommended at the time that the operation of the bill should commence on the 1st of October, and close the 30th of September. Out of this grew the mere clerical error committed—not in fact by the Register, but by his principal clerk who prepared this table, who is a very experienced and able clerk, whose business it has been for nearly thirty years to prepare these tables, and who now is, and always has been, a member of the whig party. His error grew out of the immense pressure in bringing the tables down to the 1st of December, and the middle of a quarter. The errors of the committee are then shown and proved—being sixty-four in number, and exceeding thirty-three millions of dollars. They then examine the charge of the committee against the Secretary, of making a defective return of certain portions of the public debt, &c., as required by the act of 28th of January, 1847, and show that the committee had entirely overlooked the Secretary's report of 13th of December, 1847, in which this very information is given in full detail, and in its proper place; this report covering 429 printed pages—being House document No. 7. A contrast is then given between the operations of the treasury during the war, of 1812, and the Mexican war; during the former the defaults being numerous, and during the latter no defaults whatever; and the Secretary of the Treasury having obtained \$15,600,000 more in specie for \$49,000,000 of stock and treasury notes, than was obtained in specie or its equivalent for \$80,000,000 of stock and treasury notes during the war of 1812. It is shown, also, that under the constitutional treasury, the receipts in specie into the treasury, from all sources, since the first of January, 1817, amounted to upwards of sixty-seven millions of dollars, and the disbursements during the same period exceeded sixty-nine millions of dollars in specie; thus showing more than ten times as much specie had been disbursed during seventeen months of the present administration than in the fifty-seven years preceding, from the organization of the government. It is shown, also, that from the 4th of March, 1845, to 31st of May, 1848—namely, in three years and three months—the amount which has been coined at the mint, under the direction of the Secretary, is \$36,507,919 07; being more than was coined in thirty-seven years preceding, from 1792 to 1830. It is shown, also, that the estimate from customs by the Secretary, for this year—namely, \$31,000,000—is already more than realized; as is also the aggregate estimate by the Secretary of this year's revenue, of \$34,400,000 for customs, lands, and miscellaneous sources, already also more than realized. It is easy to detect the motives of the whig leaders in their assaults upon Mr. Walker's financial statements. They know well that the series of admirable reports which have emanated from his pen during his administration of the Treasury Department have done more to overthrow the doctrine of a high protective tariff than any similar series of papers which the Treasury Department has put forth during any single administration since the adoption of the federal constitution. Unable to refute these, they have sought to discredit them, by alleging errors in the performance of another branch of the Secretary's arduous and complicated duties. This charge, too, is now effectually demolished, and turned against its authors. It is remarkable

ble, that the present administration has been recently assailed as to its conduct of the public business in two of its principal departments—that of War and that of the Treasury—at just about the same time. The one attack came from the general staff in chief command of the army in Mexico, and was forthwith utterly annihilated by the memorable reply of the Secretary of War. The other attack, commencing in the elaborate researches and the ingeniously drawn statements of Mr. Rockwell of Connecticut, and continued in the labored report of Mr. Strohm, has now found its effectual quietus in this most able and demonstrative financial exposition, which has ground to powder all their charges against the Secretary of the Treasury, and scattered them to the winds. We trust that the assailants of the administration will, by this time, have learned that it is safest for them to confine themselves to vague generalities, and to carefully avoid the precise details of figures and facts. This Report on the Finances is one of the most important documents which has ever appeared upon that branch of the administration. It shows the admirable manner in which the Treasury Department has been conducted by its present accomplished Secretary. The accuracy of the estimates—the receipts of a revenue tariff, corresponding to those estimates—the unparalleled quantity of American money coined at our mints under his auspices—the large payments from the treasury made in specie—the advantageous terms on which our loans have been made during a period of war, and made above par (a circumstance unknown in our annals); and the amount of the war debt, so far below the panic-calculations of the whigs—all show a healthy and prosperous condition of our finances, which redound to the credit of the administration. The opposition attack the Secretary in vain. His energy, industry, and consummate ability defy them all.

OXFORD DEMOCRAT.
"The Union—It must be preserved."
PARIS, MAINE, JULY 4, 1848.
Democratic Republican Nominations.

FOR PRESIDENT,
GEN. LEWIS CASS,
OF MICHIGAN.

FOR VICE PRESIDENT,
GEN. WILLIAM O. BUTLER,
OF KENTUCKY.

FOR ELECTORS,
HUGH J. ANDERSON, of Belfast,
RUFUS MCINTIRE, of Parsonsfield.

FOR GOVERNOR,
JOHN W. DANA.

Senatorial District.
The Democratic Republicans of Oxford County are requested to meet, by their Delegates, at the COURT HOUSE, in Paris, in said County, on THURSDAY, the TWENTY-FOURTH DAY OF AUGUST NEXT, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, to nominate THREE SENATORS for said District, and to transact any other business pertaining to said District.

June 24, 1848.
Per order of Committee.

County Convention.
The Democratic Republicans of Oxford County are requested to meet, by their Delegates, at the COURT HOUSE, in Paris, in said County, on THURSDAY, the TWENTY-FOURTH DAY OF AUGUST NEXT, at one o'clock in the afternoon, to select candidates for COUNTY OFFICERS, and to transact any other business that may come before the Convention.

June 24, 1848.
Per order of Co. Committee.

Congressional Convention.
The Democratic People's friends of the Oxford town, belonging to the First Congressional District are hereby requested to meet in Convention at Norway Village, on WEDNESDAY, the 29th of AUGUST next, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, for the purpose of nominating a candidate for the next Congress. Also, to nominate a candidate for Elector of President, and Vice President of the United States, and to transact any other business that may come before the Convention.

June 29, 1848.
The District Committee.

NATIONAL BIRTH-DAY.
No nation can dwell with more just satisfaction upon its annals, than ours. The foundation of almost all other meetings may be traced to some ambitious and bloody conqueror, who sought to aggrandize himself by enslaving others. The people, who fought for the natural rights of men, won our Independence. The annals of other nations have been left stained with the crimes of their people and princes; but ours shine with the glowing traces of patriotism, constancy and courage, amidst every rank of life, and every grade of office. Well may we revert to the event in our country's history with patriotic interest, and devout gratitude to a benignant Providence who has so long stayed the proud voices of tyranny and oppression. The fourth day of July, 1776, formed a new era in the progress of our race. The ultimate issue of no previous events in human history will equally effect the destinies of mankind. It will completely remodel government—the criminal code especially—literature, morals, religious and the entire aspect of things and condition of society. The readers of our humble sheet might here expect a patriotic eulogy upon the valor and

virtue of the signers and practical endowers of that charter of freedom, the Declaration of Independence. Such an encomium they well merit. No previous body of men as well—not merely because they enacted this declaration with suffering and blood—others have suffered greater privations, and poured out life more lavishly—but because it was sanctified by a mighty MORAL. They fought for FREEDOM. Their courage was moral combined with physical. They loved and fought for their country and families, and thus set a noble example for their successors in the wars of 1812, for our fellow citizens who conquered a peace in our late war with Mexico. But they also fought for the great principle of LIBERTY AND EQUALITY. This gave them victory. They richly deserve all the filial outpourings offered up so lavishly on the birth-day of our nation. But our great concern is with the FUTURE, not the past. We may glorify our revolutionary patriots, and triumph in the victory—MORAL, as well as military—they achieved; but this is only a moiety of our work. They did not complete "the revolution,"—only began it. True they effected a civil separation from the British crown, yet this is but "a drop in the bucket" of the blessings capable of being derived from the separation. The great experiment of trusting all with the people had not yet been tried, and hence powers were delegated to rulers which should have been conferred directly on the ballot-box. In short, they only laid the foundation of true republicanism and left us, their heirs, to erect on it the temple of liberty and equality. We have not to perform sacrifices and labors of the same kind, yet those none the less arduous or severe. Our government is incalculably the best on earth, yet evils, many and alarming, are interwoven throughout every department of it, which we owe to ourselves and our posterity—to the whole human family—to obviate. Many of these evils are RADICAL, and, unless corrected, (and we believe they will be), will near, if not destroy, all but the name of republicanism. And it requires as much courage—only of a moral instead of a physical stamp—to face and conquer them, as it required to stand and return the fires of Bunker Hill or Yorktown. And to this great, this imperious duty, every voter ought to address himself, especially on the anniversary of our independence; that we may turn it to a mighty practical account, and advise and execute measures for perfecting our government, which shall entitle us to as much gratitude from our descendants as we owe our revolutionary patriots. Then the influence of our government which has done so much for the extension of liberal principles in Europe, will continue to increase in power till it triumphs over all despotism throughout the world. What a government it is in our power to make of the materials we possess! Come, fellow citizens, let us address ourselves to right down earnest to so great and good a work. Young men especially. Ye whose political lives are not yet formed—give your minds to the thorough investigation of this subject, that when you come to the ballot-box every vote shall tell in the cause of your country and your race. And ye whose political lives are already formed, stop and consider, vote only for the man who is honest, capable and loves the constitution.

RUIN.
In speaking of the evils, alluded to in the above article, we would not raise the cry of ruin so often heard in our land. From our very heart, do we deprecate the practice, lamentably becoming more and more prevalent among us, of coldly prophesying a time, not very far distant, when our noble and beloved country should cease to be free. This practice is fraught with the most pernicious consequences—it is a dark and fearful harbinger of evil—we shudder at its contemplation. All history and human experience prove, that when a people have become so far degenerated as to speak calmly and indifferently of the downfall of their country, and the overthrow of their beloved purchased rights, this dreadful event is inevitable near at hand—yes, it is, in all probability, ready to burst forth in all its dark and awful terror. It is a truth, then day light not less evident, that whatever we possess, the loss of which we speak with indifference and unconcern, we are doing considering of any value, and are willing perhaps, at any moment, to part with without a struggle, and—it may be—without a sigh, or even an expression of regret. But may it be many years—yes, that "centuries may pass, and millenniums roll by" before our countrymen shall have arrived at such a painful state of degradation—before they shall have become so lost and dead to every sense of honor, of virtue, and of their country's liberty as an event in which they feel but little interest, and about which they have not the least concern. Heaven avert from them their dire disaster—this dark, this fearful crime—which threatens to sink them in the terrific gulf of political perdition. But let us not rest in a false and fatal security. The price of liberty is eternal vigilance. Dangers thick and formidable, are around us; and, perils, not a few, beset the ark of our country's freedom, and threaten the perpetuity of our republic. Among these perils, not the least, is the unhappy practice to which we have alluded at the commencement of this article. This practice—with unfeigned sorrow we say it—is becoming fearfully prevalent—especially with a few Northern and Southern fanatics—and this prevalence furnishes us mournful evidence of the great degeneracy of the times. It would seem that many people—and those too, individuals of sense and repeated patriotism, and from whom, as such, we should expect better things—actually think it an honor to forgo evil and ruin to the most traitorous of our country, and all because they have not the power, and their favorite mea-

asures are not carried. They will declare it as their opinion, that our present form of government—with all its blessings, civil, political and religious; its privileges its immunities, and its paternal powers, can last but a few years longer—that in less than twenty years, it will be converted into a despotism, and the Presidential chair be filled by an usurping King. And as if determined to have it so, they raise the cry of ruin, abandon every principle and measure which they pretend can possibly secure the Union, and take one of the very heroes and perpetrators of the evils which they predicted would prove so disastrous to the liberties of our country, as their only available candidate for President alias King. And they seem to take a strange kind of pleasure in predicting this evil destiny. Now can the individuals that unblushingly declare their scepticism, their preference for the Constitution of England. They groundlessly assert, that England, with her corrupt aristocracy; her groveling and impoverished peasantry; her pensioned Lords, and pampered Earls; her Church and State; her national debt, and her oppressive laws—is freer and happier than America! Strange delusion—melancholy infatuations. But to show their sincerity, they have always favored England against their own country, and taken sides with the enemy in whose success England was particularly interested, as in the case of our late war with Mexico. No patriot—no man that loves his country as did Washington, Jefferson and Jackson, would be guilty of such an assertion, and such conduct as this. Our Declaration of Independence is superior to any Paper of human authority. Our Republic is the best and noblest government on earth. Our Constitution is the greatest work ever framed by man, and administered in its purity, as no doubt it will long continue to be, showers the richest blessings, and guarantees the greatest amount of liberty enjoyed by any people living beneath the broad canopy of heaven. We say, therefore, and we say it with our whole heart—and every patriot joining in the exclamation—may centuries pass and millenniums roll by before this glorious government of ours—the noble fruit of rivers of blood, and years of toil—shall feel the power of decay, or reach the period of its decline, by falling into the hands of the chaotic fragments of the confessedly dissolved whig party, or becoming subject to the control of the mere ambitious aspirant. GREAT WHIG ANTI-TAYLOR MEETING AT WORCESTER, MASS. A great Whig Anti-Taylor meeting was held at Worcester on Wednesday and Thursday last. About five thousand persons were reported to be present. The meeting was addressed by a large number of gentlemen from various sections, in which the Philadelphia Convention, it was stated, had perpetrated an enormous fraud upon whig principles, and nothing was claimed of Gen. Taylor, except that he was master of his profession. A series of resolutions were presented and adopted, setting forth fairly the political platform on which the whigs of Massachusetts have annually gone forth to battle for many years, and conclude as follows: And whereas, a portion of the whigs have since that time nominated candidates for the presidency and vice presidency, without paying the smallest regard to the principles herein declared, and even ventured to stifle the discussion of the same in their national convention—Resolved, that we, the people of Massachusetts, reaffirm the said declaration as the voice of the commonwealth, and whoever else may destroy or betray, we will inflexibly adhere to the principles of freedom therein declared as the ark of our political salvation. Resolved, that we, the people of Massachusetts, will support no man as candidates for the office of President and Vice President, but those who are known by their acts or declared opinions to be opposed to the extension of slavery. An anti-Taylor address and resolutions to the people were reported to the meeting. The address protests against the Philadelphia nomination, and the means by which it was brought about, and recommends a cooperation with the convention to be held at Buffalo on the 9th of August, for the purpose of making "a nomination entirely independent of those already made by the two great political parties." It recommends the appointment of delegates to that convention, "to be selected from the whig, democratic and liberty parties, in equal numbers, with authority to concur in the nomination of Martin Van Buren, John P. Hale, or Joshua R. Giddings, or any other man who has given evidence that he will oppose the introduction of slavery into new territory." If the candidate be right on that one point, all other political heresies are to be disregarded at the present time. The bank, tariff, and internal improvements, ex-fundamentals of whig policy, are not to be considered. All the main points of the address were loudly applauded by men who have heretofore acted zealously with the whigs, and have been in the habit of speaking of democrats, with their anti-bank, and anti-tariff views, &c., as the abhorred of God. What will become of the Taylor enthusiasm in the New England States, if the whigs continue to pile on the bolting thunder in this way? The editor of the Cincinnati Atlas has retired from his post, because he cannot support Taylor. If we recollect rightly, he was the originator of the famous "roarback"; he was Mr. Polk branded his slaves "K. K. K." in their foreheads. If such a man can't swallow the nominee of the whig party, who can?

F. O. J. Smith thinks that Gen. Taylor will receive a larger majority than Cass will receive votes, and that his Durham bull can run faster than lightning. One is about as probable as the other, and, both will be believed by whigs and calves. Boston Post.

For the Democrat.
"EXTRAORDINARY!"
Mr. Editor: After a three months snooze, Rip Van Winkle is awake again. A paragraph in the Saco Democrat has attracted the attention of the argus-eyed editor of the Norway Advertiser and disturbed the equanimity of "his assinine majesty." The paragraph quoted, was evidently condensed from an article in your paper of the 13th ult., relative to the business and prospects of the town of Paris, including the two villages of South Paris and Paris Mill. Although the article of the Saco paper was doubtless intended to carry a correct impression, yet it failed to do so, from the ignorance of the editor with regard to the state of things in this town. The Advertiser knew that it was a mistake, to say there were only three Stores in Paris, and the fact of its replying to this erroneous statement of a paper at a distance, rather than to the original article, which appeared some weeks since, shows that it intended to give currency to the wrong impression, which had thus accidentally originated. This town, as your readers well know, contains, at least, ten "Stores for the sale of Dry Goods, Groceries, &c., all doing a respectable and some, a very extensive business." But Norway, we are told, besides all its other wonders, contains "three Millinery establishments," and "a score of snuff-concerns," among which, of course, included, the Norway Advertiser office, with its two Editors, as they are not enumerated anywhere else in the schedule. The Advertiser further informs the public, that "Norway people generally carry into effect all that they talk of!" This announcement must strike all, as a "very important—if true." The people hereabouts have a faint recollection of a "Steam Mill," built at that place, or rather—which was to be built, and for which the annual consumption of fuel was very accurately estimated. Also, a Factory, the precise location of which has not yet been discovered. This last, however, was only erected on paper. In the same class of public improvements, may be mentioned the Canal which was not built several years ago. The exact course of this is not known. Whether it was to run from Dan to Bear-Hole, or as others say, from Pike's Hill across the Pond to the Meeting house, "this depends on faith." Coming down to more recent times, we have the A. & St. L. Rail Road, which the "Norway people talked of" locating by the "four corners," over "Reed's Meadow," and through the "Brighter opening," with a Depot at the former place, all which is yet to be accomplished—at any rate, it has not yet come to pass. If the public are not beginning to be convinced that Norway is a "great country," we fear that the time is far distant when they—ever will. South Paris, July 1st. "Care."

IMPORTANT FROM MEXICO. Advice from Vera Cruz to June 15th have been received. A formidable conspiracy has broken out in the city of Mexico, having for its object the overthrow of the government and the extermination of the peace party, or the party in favor of the late treaty. The work of assassination had already commenced, five of the prominent advocates of peace, friends of the United States, having been murdered. The conspiracy is headed by Gen. Paredes, ex-president, and Padre Jaurata, the guerrilla leader. All the U. States troops were expected to leave the capital on the 21st of June. Mr. Sevier left on the 12th, and was expected to arrive at Vera Cruz on the 19th. On his arrival at Vera Cruz the custom house at that place would be given up to the Mexican authorities.

MEXICO.
An arrival at New Orleans brings Vera Cruz dates of the 16th, and city dates of Mexico of the 6th June. Gen. Herrera has been installed President. Two thousand troops are encamped at Cerro Gordo, awaiting transportation, and the arrival of detachments from the capital. The health of Vera Cruz was improving. We learn from Yucatan that I-lega had petitioned Commodore Perry not to withdraw the United States forces until the Mexican government had provided for the safety of the whites. The Peninsula was in a deplorable condition. Tampico dates to the 10th. The Indians in quarter had become troublesome to the authorities. Capt. Hunter was with a company that repelled an attack made on Camanche by the Yucatan Indians. In the severe battle which was fought between the whites and Indians at Dolcehen, the Indians lost 900. Several small towns were destroyed or vacated. The Old Times. The federalists are bragging of democratic converts to Taylorism. It is rather a stale move, having been brought forward every time an important election was approaching for the last quarter of a century. When such boasts are made, let the democrats just ask for names. That will silence them. The fact is—and we wish the republican party to understand it as a fact—that no such changes are taking place; but that on the contrary, names of prominent individuals and editors of the federal party reach us by nearly every mail, who have renounced their political associations on account of the nomination of Taylor. Every thing looks well. Our prospects brighten daily. The party grows stronger as the opposition grows weaker. Argus.

THE WAY TO MANAGE A RICKING COW. Take a piece of rope about two feet in length, and tie or splice the two ends together so as to form a loop. Double up by bending the fore leg of the milking side of the cow and slip the loop over her knee. If this means she will necessarily have to stand upon three legs and will not be able to kick. Amor, Agr.

THE EXODUS OF MR. GREELY. The Philadelphia Bulletin gives the following humorous account of the hasty departure of the Editor of the Tribune from Philadelphia, the after nomination of Gen. Taylor. Our old friend Greely—better known as plain Horace Greely, of the Tribune—is, as all the world knows, an erratic genius, and like most erratic geniuses, his tongue and his pen frequently, and his legs occasionally, outrun his judgment. At the late Whig Convention held in this city, he was not only an interested spectator, but an active, ardent participant, advocating the claims of his favorite Clay without reference to time, place, or circumstances, and judging from his gesticulations, reckless of broadcloth—that is, if such a place of elegant superfluity ever entered into the composition of one of Horace's coats. As the labors of the convention drew to a close it became evident that Gen. Taylor was to be the nominee. Greely groaned in spirit—but still hope had not deserted him. He would not for he could not believe that a Whig Convention would nominate any other but Henry Clay. He waited for the fourth ballot. The chairman announced—"For Gen. Zachary Taylor, 171 votes." He heard no more—the deed was done—and Horace, no doubt, mentally exclaimed, but with more truth than the inhospitable Scotchman, "Thou canst not say I did it." Late the same afternoon, Mr. Greely was seen running down Walnut street at locomotive speed, his coat tails standing out at an angle of forty five degrees. The ends of both legs of his pants were concealed in his boots—the buckle of his stock under one of his ears—his hat over his eyes—and his shirt collar no where. He carried his carpet bag by one of its handles, and as it was (of course) unlocked, an opportunity was afforded to ascertain the nature and extent of the wardrobe of a man whose name is almost daily on the lips of every man, woman and child in this great and growing country. He reached the wharf and exclaimed, "I have broken in wind!" "Where—where is the—the—the New York boat?" "Some one informed him that the boat had started an hour before." A less determined man would have returned to his hotel. But when was Mr. Greely ever known to turn his back on a friend, foe, or journey? He did not care the loss of a copper for steamboats or railway cars—not he. All that he wanted was to get out of Philadelphia—to lengthen the distance between himself and the Whig Convention—and to get back again to New York. He announced his intention to cross Jersey on foot. This people stared, but Horace walked—on board the ferry boat—When last seen by any of our citizens, he was making tracks out of Camden, the carpet bag still in his hand and his coat tails perfectly horizontal.

NOMINATION OF GOV. DANA. By reference to the proceedings of the Legislative Convention, which we publish in this week's paper it will be seen that our present able and popular State Executive, JOHN W. DANA, has again been placed before the people as a candidate for re-election to the office which he now fills with such honor to himself, and credit to the State.—The most perfect harmony appears to have prevailed in the convention. The nomination was made *vice voce*. Ninety nine members responded to the call of their names—every one of whom, unhesitatingly, expressed their preference to be in favor of JOHN W. DANA.—Consequently he was unanimously elected on the first ballot. The unanimity of feeling in the Convention is but a reflex of that which prevails among the people at large. The nomination of Gov. Dana was expected by them, and will be received with the highest satisfaction by the entire democracy of Maine. He has a strong hold on the feelings of the masses. His messages have been distinguished for their clear and vigorous style, and their lucid exposition of State affairs. They have been patriotic in sentiment, and thoroughly democratic in doctrine. In fine, such has been the conduct of Gov. Dana since entering upon public life, that the democracy of this State are proud to recognize him as one of the standard bearers of their party, and such a man as they delight to honor. Under these circumstances, we think there can scarcely be a doubt of his triumphant re-election in September next. Ellsworth Democrat.

NEW YORK DICTATION.—For many months John Van Buren has stood forth as a "little premonitory," the visible tail of an invisible cat, which, in due time, was to be "let out of the bag." The Van Burens in convention at Utica, have turned the bag inside out, and let out comes none other than Martin Van Buren—John has been a dutiful son. He has made more fuss for his dignity than any modest toy would care to make; and he sees the reward of his labors in the nomination of his father once more for the presidency.—Worcester Palladium.

THE NEW CODE OF PRACTICE. The New York Morning Star thus talks of the new code of practice about to be adopted in that state—"We do not know what will become of the lawyers under the new code. They are not only shorn of half their honors but more than half their labors, and full half their profits. The new code has been the death of the old black letter system; every thing is simplified and condensed. It is 'multum in parvo.' Every thing is changed. Parties in interest may be a witness, and women have rights, and husbands can no longer sell off their property without their consent. We find that the new code makes justice cheap and speedy, what a happy revolution it will be!"

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